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HE WANTED IT JUST RIGHT

Particular Young Man Had Utterior Motives in His Purchase of Box of Candy.

The expensively dressed young man threw away his cigarette and entered the confectionery store. "Put me up a two-pound box of your best chocolates," he said to the clerk who waited on him. "Make sure that they are your very best; I don't want any mistake."

"Yes, sir. These are the very highest grade."

"Come to think of it, you had better make it a five-pound box, instead. The same kind as those you showed me."

"Yes, sir, certainly."

"And make it mixed chocolates and bonbons. And let me pick out a box I like. Haven't you something with violets on it? She is particularly fond of violets, and I want this to be just right. No, I like that design better, the one in blue and gold. Let me have that. Here, be more careful about the way you do it up. No, there isn't any card to go. I will deliver it myself. Make a neat-looking package of it while you are about it."

The clerk tied it up carefully, then passed it over the counter. As he took the bill in payment, he smiled ever so slightly, and remarked: "The young lady should be very much pleased with that, sir."

"Young lady nothing! That box is for my mother. I'm going to tackle dad for a new runabout tonight, and if I can get her over to my side I'll get it."

FAMOUS SONS OF COLUMBUS

One Rose to Distinction as an Admiral and the Other Was a Great Scholar.

How often do we hear of the sons of Columbus? Yet the great discoverer had two sons, one of whom, Don Diego, rose to distinction as an admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar.

Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe and almost every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing 20,000 volumes, which he gave to the cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is so to this day. From books in his collection Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears upon the site of his tomb:

"What does it profit me to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat, to have three times crossed to the new world discovered by my father, to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Guadalquivir and preferred my simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled round these divinities from the source of Castalia and offered to these the richest gathered by Ptolemy, if, passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fall to address a single salutation to my father's memory, or to myself a slight remembrance?"

Climax of Red Tape.

This is a tale of a self-confessed murderer who wished to be arrested, as related by a writer in Le Matin, Paris.

Some time ago a man named Berge was stabbed to death at Algiers. Three men were arrested on suspicion, but, as they proved their innocence, they were released and the matter was shelved.

A few days ago a man called at the office of the local police commissary and said to that official:

"My name is Marius Yvorra. I killed Berge, and this is how I did it."

The commissary listened to the man's confession and said:

"You had better see my secretary."

The secretary also listened to the man's confession, and, after a little reflection said:

"Now, look here, my good man, this is not the way to get arrested. You must write us a letter confirming the oral statement made to us. Then we shall be able to attend to you. Now, get along."

The man left the office, and, perhaps because he was not a good writer, he has not been seen since in Algiers.

War Time Coffee.

This was the formula of a coffee mixture that sold freely in the days of gross adulteration during and immediately subsequent to the Civil War, before matters began to right themselves, as they did without the help of food laws:

Best Java coffee, one pound; rye, three pounds. Carefully clean the rye from all bad grains, wash to remove dust, drain off the water and put the grain into the reaster, carefully stirring to brown it evenly. Roast the coffee separately. Grind the mixture and pack in airtight containers. An essence of coffee was prepared by boiling down molasses until hard, and then grinding it to a powder and mixing it with a half pound of good ground Java coffee, using four pounds of the powdered molasses.—From the Ideal Grocer.

Just to Cheer.

Young Hub—There's no need of further parley; the next war that comes along finds me joining—

Young Wife—Oh, George, George, don't!

Young Hub—In the cheers of victory.

MADE SOME GRAVE BLUNDERS

Embezzling Banker Admits He Overlooked Missionary Fund and Property of Orphan Child.

The embezzling banker's friends were congratulating him.

"How in the world did you keep it up so long without being discovered?" they asked, breathlessly.

"My friends," came an anguished voice from the other side of the bars, "I am unworthy of this laudation. I have been guilty of grave tactical blunders. I failed to have myself elected Sunday school superintendent, and I did not show myself at prayer meeting more than once a month. I could have landed a \$700 missionary fund, but heedlessly I allowed it to slip through my fingers and go to another."

"Besides, I might have become the guardian of some poor, dead millionaire's child. I am ill-deserving of your well-meant, but misdirected, praise. My work has been coarse and amateurish, indeed, or I could be free this evening to join you in our tri-weekly poker fest. Woe, woe is me!"

And they left him weeping bitterly. —H. M. Silvers, in The Sunday Magazine.

WARM REBUKE FOR SARCASM

Western Senator Who Made Many Enemies Was Given Good Advice by a Friend.

For many years there served in the United States senate, from the west, a man of brilliant mind and fine qualities, but who was forever estranging many with whom he desired to be friendly by reason of his incurably sarcastic manner both of speech and action.

Once an intimate friend wrote the senator urging the appointment of another friend to a minor position in the government. The senator returned a most sarcastic reply, declining to recommend the appointment. It is said that he never forgot the merited rebuke he received from the friend who had suggested the appointment.

"My Dear Senator: I think it would be well for you to reserve your sarcasm for the rapidly increasing number of your enemies, instead of offering it to the decreasing number of your friends, of whom I am one."

Expensive Tree.

We do not think much of trees in the United States, and let several million acres of them burn without getting excited, but in England small forests, and even individual trees, are maintained at great expense. If there is not actually an outlay of money, the trees occupy land that could otherwise be profitably employed.

Probably the most noteworthy tree in the world, so far as expensiveness is concerned, is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, in the city of London. This tree occupies a lot which would bring in ground-rent to the amount of \$1,200 per annum. It says much for the nature-loving qualities, and, incidentally, for the fortune, of the owner of that lot that the ancient tree flourishes safely year after year.

Respect Due to Rank.

Alice Wenban is a cliff dweller and, as such, accustomed to the whereabouts of the lordly janitor by whose kind permission her people live and have their being.

Right across the street they are building another apartment, an activity which greatly interests the young lady. She spends many hours in the contemplation of the job. The excavation filled her with breathless interest. The foundation proved even more exciting. And now, that the building is in a fair state of progress, she is quite beside herself.

And she wants to know you know.

"Mother," she asked when the bricklayers began on the ground floor work, "they've built the janitor's house first. Isn't that funny?"—Cleveland Leader.

Out-Romancing Romance.

The diver prowls over the ocean bed bearing a water-tight searchlight and a water gun, one shot from which will blow the liver out of an octopus.

His helmet telephone (more convenient and clear than yours) keeps him in constant communication with the surface and directs his boat.

Science has equipped him with a kit of deep-sea tools, operated by pneumatic pressure, with which he can accomplish prodigious amounts of work. Altogether, he has a very comfortable and interesting time of it.

And to think that Jules Verne was considered a half-brained dreamer!

Unimaginative romance! How weak and short are threads of your fancy.—Woman's World.

What They Both Said.

Hercule Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was as illegible as his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the damned fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy: "that is just what he says."

Well Supplied.

Beggar—Please, mister, give me a dime for my three hungry children. Pedestrian (hurrying on)—Don't need any more, thank you.

Miss French's High Hopes

Mrs. Smithers had spoken so tenderly and so often of her son John that Miss French felt that she, the flattered recipient of those precious confidences, might even be willing to accept the name of Smithers in exchange for hers, for such perfection and virtue would come with it.

Miss French was passing a few weeks at a health resort. There she had fallen into the company of Mrs. Smithers so much that she felt it was no coincidence when she found Mrs. Smithers seated in her favorite corner sewing or when she went for a walk to the springs and found Mrs. Smithers slowly moving thitherward, to be easily overtaken.

On all such occasions Mrs. Smithers reveled in blissful recollections of beauties of her son's character or in golden dreams of his future.

Miss French listened with a fluttering bosom. It was not surprising that her previously untouched heart throbbed deliciously when Mrs. Smithers told of the chivalry in her son John's nature. Did an act of bravery or heroism reach her ears, never was she at a loss to recall something in John's brief but brilliant career that put the heroism of others completely in the shade. John was a lover of all things noble, of all good and true and upright things, and he abhorred all mean, weak and contemptible natures as thoroughly as he hated deceit and sin.

If a child crossed their paths Mrs. Smithers saw in it, not her own pleasure and love in perfect childhood, but John's. John couldn't see a child on the street without stopping to speak to it. And generous! And kind! And brave! And handsome! Oh, thoughts of John brought tears to his mother's eyes!

So when Mrs. Smithers pressed Miss French's hand tenderly and whispered in a voice trembling with emotion that John was coming to see his dear mother the following week, and that Mrs. Smithers looked forward to the joy of letting Miss French share the delights of his presence, Miss French pressed Mrs. Smithers' hand in return. As she did so she felt a thrill of warmth and happiness cross her heart.

It was most exciting and romantic to think that she was soon to meet a man who was almost, if not quite, perfect.

The listened with something of the mother's own excited intensity for the carriage wheels on the day of John's arrival. The thought even crossed her mind that she ought to express her appreciation of Mrs. Smithers for giving her this great pleasure. She pictured herself as she might be in the future, as a blooming Mrs. Smithers, sheltered and protected by John, the envy of all her friends, the possessor of absolute happiness.

Why did she feel so hopeful? Well, hadn't Mrs. Smithers assured her that John was so attached to his mother that he wouldn't dream of falling in love without his mother's sanction?

And hadn't Mrs. Smithers looked the world over in vain for a wife worthy of John—looked until she was almost tempted to admit that there wasn't a girl in the world capable of filling that exalted position? But now—Then Mrs. Smithers had smiled meaningfully at Miss French and had patted her hand. Wasn't that reason enough for Miss French to anticipate a perfect future?

When the carriage finally arrived Miss French watched with an intensity that hurt, as each passenger stepped out of it. But when it was finally emptied she sighed a deep, deep sigh of regret.

He hadn't come!

She reached for Mrs. Smithers' hand to comfort the poor mother—but it was gone, and so was Mrs. Smithers.

With outstretched arms Mrs. Smithers was racing down the walk toward a wizened little man with a fast increasing bald spot and a propensity for loud talk, who was bickering with the driver over his fare and demanding his rights in a high pitched voice that reminded Miss French of a Punch and Judy show. His mother reached John before his transaction was completed and she threw herself into his arms before he was aware of her presence.

"Oh, hello, ma!" he said, casually, but in a penetrating voice. "It was sort of hard to get away—my books didn't balance last night, and I thought I'd have to stay over another day—but I fixed them. Here, ma, you carry this satchel, will you? I'll carry the other one."

Miss French fled precipitately from their path that she might escape the promised introduction. She required time to clear away the debris of her ruined air castles.

In Society.

"How is it your society friend loves to go to grand opera when she is so deaf?"

"Why, she sees all the latest styles in evening costumes and knows just what is the best each of her friends can afford."

"But she can't listen to the music."

"I know, but who does?"

He Needs a Rest.

"Doctor, do you think a trip to Europe would do me any good?"

"Yes. Let your wife take it."

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